

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicke is heard, Doves are scene to flutter, they
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie reign'st
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance *They bow.*
My body to this businesse: Let us rise
And bow before the goddess: Time comes on: *Exeunt.*

Still Musicke of Records.

*Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her shoulders, a whea-
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver
Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incenso and sweet odours,
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a
loose, she sets fire to it, then they curtesy and kneele.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe
With that thy rare Greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And sacred silver Mistis, lend thine care
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port
Ne're entred wanton sound,) to my petition
Seasond with hol'y feare; This is my last
Of vestall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I should
Choose one, and pray for his successe, but I
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,
Were I to loose one, they are equall precious.

I could doombe neither, that which p
Goe too't unsentenc'd: Therefore mo
He of the two Pretenders, that best lo
And has the truest title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or els
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vanishes under th
place ascends a Rose Tree, having o
See what our Generall of Ebbs and F
Out from the bowells of her holy Al
With sacred act advances: But one R
If well inspir'd, this Battaile shal confo
Both these brave Knights, and I a virg
Must grow alone unpluck'd.*

*Here is heard a sodaine twang of
Rose falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is false, the Tree descends
Thou here dischargest me, I shall be g
I thinke so, but I know not thine own
Vnclaspe thy Mysterie: I hope she's p
Her Signes were gracious.

The

SCENA 2. *Enter Doctor, Iaylor and
Palamon.*

Doct. Has this advice I told you, do
Woer. O very much; The maids that
Have halfe perswaded her that I am
Halfe houre she came smiling to me,
Would eate, and when I would kisse
Presently, and kist her twice.

Doct. T'was well done; twentie tim
For there the cure lies mainly.

Woer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to night,
What houre my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her doe so,
And when your fit comes, fit her h